badinage; our boys remarking about paper collars, bandbox and soft-snap soldiers, and the city fellows replying by observing how clean we were, wondering if we had any soap to spare, and asking how we kept our clothes on—referring to the lively condition of our garments.

The boys soon began to gather around the carriage of one party, whose tongues were rather sharp, and when they attempted to drive on they found they were unable to move. The situation was getting rather serious, and threats were freely indulged in; but the timely arrival of some of the officers prevented, perhaps, a disgraceful affair. The men were ordered back to their places, and

STRUCK THE REBEL LINE.

the soldiers in the carriage were very glad to accept the invitation to move on.

Soon the order came to fall in. The troops were formed in columns of companies, and passed in review before the President, and on over the Long Bridge into Virginia. We were very tired, and as soon as the word "halt" was given, everybody dropped in his tracks to rest.

In a few minutes an old schoolmate came along. Remarking that I looked played out, which I replied was true, he prescribed a dose from his canteen, which had the effect of bracing me up wonderfully. A little of the right kind of medicine in those times did a great deal of good. The corps moved leisurely toward Warrenton Junction, Va., joining the Army of the Potomac at that point and crossing the Rapidan. About noon on May 5 we moved toward the Wilderness. About 2 p. m. we could hear the sound of the firing in front. The battle was on.

Old campaigners knew well what was coming, but some of our recruits hardly seemed to realize the situation. The poor fellows had experience enough in the next 10 days, for by that time those who were alive had become veterans. The column as it marched along was strangely silent; nothing was heard but the tramp, tramp of feet and the clatter of the tin cups and canteens. There was an absence of any joking; anxious looks were exchanged, and as we came nearer the sound grew stronger, and the men began to look pale. I know I did, for I could feel it; no man can help it. I had been under fire before, but always with men who had the same experience as I had myself. Now, I was with a company of men, the most of whom had never been through the ordeal of battle, and being clothed with a little authority, I found myself wondering if I lived through how far I should be held responsible for them. I could see they were watching those who had "been there," and seemed to be taking their cue from them.

We arrived on the line-of-battle a little after dark, and I think to the extreme right of the line. In our immediate front everything was quiet, but away to the left for about two hours was the most terrific fighting. We could hear the yells of the combatants, the cracking of the musketry, with now and then the roar of artillery.

"FIRE! GIVE IT TO THEM."

Our men lay down. Extreme fatigue overcame their excitement, and we were soon oblivious to everything. We were aroused early, and told to keep still and get ready to move. Soon we were in line, and in the gray light of the morning were moving by the left flank. We passed in rear of the lines of men in bivouac, who had been engaged the day before, and were now rolled in their blankets just in rear of the lines of stacked arms, awaiting the summons to renew the work of slaughter.

We were ordered to fill a gap between two corps, and when we arrived in rear of the ground we were to occupy we were near the Wilderness Tavern. We moved to the front across a creek, and up a hill covered with timber, into position. Our lines straightened out, and we began to hear the "whiz-spat" of the enemy's skirmishers. Fortunately the Johnnies were firing high.

Our lines were advanced until my regiment occupied the crest of quite a hill, but the undergrowth was so thick we could not see very far. We had hastily constructed a slight protection by the use of logs and brush, and now lying down behind it we awaited developments.

A large body of the enemy appeared in our front, making demonstrations that were taken by our officers to mean a desire to come into our lines and surrender. They were formed in close column of companies, and appeared to have no arms. They were in plain sight, and were invited to come in by our officers. Suddenly they commenced to deploy into line, not over 100 yards away! "Fire! Give it to them. Aim low!" commanded gallant Maj. Moody, 27th Mich., who discovered their true character the moment the deployment began. Then their arms, which had been kept out of sight, were very conspicuous.

Rumors had been plentiful that the rebs were giving themselves up by companies, and even regiments, but it was never my fortune to get a reb except by force. But the enemy in this case got the worst of it. A deployment under fire is a very hazardous movement to undertake, especially at close range, and our fire was so effective that they were almost annihilated. Those who could got to cover as quick as possible, and returned our fire.

An Aid from the General's staff came up to get information. The firing was quite brisk, and the lead was flying pretty thick. Our Aid looked over the situation, and, having finished his observations, leisurely passed back to the rear, the bullets of the enemy spatting the trees all around him. He was a cool one. He knew many of the men were new, and any undue haste on his part to get to the rear would, if not start a stampede, make the men very uneasy.

It was now evident, from the increased activity in our front, that the enemy was preparing for an aggressive movement, and a charge was determined upon by our forces to try and dislodge him by striking him before he was ready to move.

Away we went, and soon struck the rebel line, which at first gave way, and we, or part of our force, broke through. But we soon discovered that we were being flanked, and were glad to get out, leaving some of our men in the hands of the other side.

WALLOWING THROUGH SNOW AND MUD.

Our forces had become somewhat scattered, but were soon reformed. It was determined to make another effort to break through. Three lines-of-battle were formed, and at the word we started, but the enemy had been reinforced, and we met with such a reception as caused us to seek shelter before we could reach them, which we did by hugging the ground and taking the advantage of every tree, stump, or log that would protect us from the awful storm of lead that met us.

After a few minutes the fire slackened, and we were able to take better measures for protection by using the fallen timber, brush, etc., to construct temporary breastworks. We then began to return compliments. The firing was very heavy from both sides. Nine men of my company had been hit.

Here occurred what I thought was cool behavior under the circumstances. The two musicians of the company, young boys of perhaps 16 years, were furnishing our line with ammunition. They would load their stretcher with packages of cartridges and carry them on a trot down to the line, and under a most murderous fire distribute them to the men; then they would lift a wounded man, who was not able to walk, upon their stretcher, and trot back up the hill. They made several trips during that fiery afternoon, and came out unhurt, although their clothes were perforated in several places and their stretcher bore the marks of hostile lead.

Ludicrous incidents will always occur during the excitement of battle. We had an odd character in our company, noted for his in-place and out-of-place remarks. This afternoon, after the first attempt to drive the enemy had failed, and while standing in line waiting for the order to advance, this man noticed some pieces of shelter tent lying upon the ground in front of us. Said he: "What good towels my wife could make if she had those pieces of tent." Poor fellow, he went down in the next hour, and his bones lie among the great mass of "unknowns" in the Wilderness.

[To be continued.]

Forcible Borrowing.

Sympathetic Visitor (to prisoner)—My good man, what brought you here?

Facetious Prisoner—Borrowing money.

"But they don't put people in prison for borrowing money."

"Yes, I know; but I had to knock the man down three or four times before he would lend it to me."

Facts and Fancies.

[New York Herald.]

Writs of attachment—Love letters.

Never disturb a brooding hen. You may break the set.

If you would get money raise thyme, for thyme is money.

Most people who attend a horse race have chosen the better part.

It does not follow because a gardener is growing sage that he is becoming wise.

In War Times

"Can you help us at sheep-washing next Monday?" asked the farmer; and the Irishman, who has work enough of his own, but who never yet declined to labor for another if he were but asked, puzzled a moment about the engagements he had already made, and then said he thought he could fix it, and how many sheep were there to wash, anyway?

"Well, tha ain't many," said the farmer. "Sheep ain't what they used to be in wartime, though they have to be washed just the same as they ever did. Why, sheep run wild in the roads and—made a five-pound fleece, and wool was 40 cents a pound them times. My father used to have 50 head on his farm, and it took four men a day's job to drive them sheep to the lake and wash them and get them home again. Them was the times when a man could make money."

And so they talked on and on about the Cotswold and the effect of his finer fleece, and the Southdown and his better mutton. But all the time the blacksmith was hammering away at a stubborn plowpoint, and remembering a sheep-washing in war-time.

The blacksmith was a boy then, barefooted, of course, and just big enough to puff around when news of Donelson came, and just little enough to cry for Resaca. All the men in the neighborhood were gone, it seemed. He was the biggest of four boys, and he was but 12, and his mother called him Dan. There were a few old men, and one or two who were younger, but by no means well. And there were one or two more who were young enough to have fought and strong enough to have been braver, yet who dallied away the Summers at home when even the children knew that men should have been in the army.

Dan's mother had 40 sheep, and Mrs. Tapley, whose farm adjoined, had 40 more; and old man Bent limped and grumbled about his pastures and counted half a hundred. Dan had two sisters, both young women grown, and his father was away off there at the front, filling the ranks that Kenesaw was to shatter presently. Mrs. Tapley's husband had gone down at Pittsburg Landing, and the world was so full of lamentation that she only wept while she worked—and the farm went on.

June came that year, and the sheep needed washing. One of the Tapley girls came over with a bowl of early cherries, and asked Dan's mother how they were going to get the sheep washed.

"I reckon you girls will have to wash them yourselves," said the soldier's wife.

"Well, I reckon we girls can," said the other soldier's daughter, and right there the plan was laid.

Dan's two sisters and the two Tapley girls and Mrs. Pelton, the daughter of limping and grumbling old man Bent—and no one knew where Mrs. Pelton's husband was, for he went away when the war broke out, and sent no word—these four, with the help of the little boys, were to wash the sheep that Spring.

Dan—grown, big Dan, now bearded and gnarled as a blacksmith should be—leaned his hammer on the anvil and told what he remembered of that wonderful day.

"I was the biggest boy," said he, "and they expected me to do a good deal of running. I mind them girls went down the road in a little crowd, and I cut across corners, and headed off the sheep and let down the bars when we come to Pelton's, and started along old man Bent's flock when we come to them, and by 9 o'clock the whole herd was in the straight road to the bank of the lake.

"The little boys held them in a sort of bunch while the girls and me went on and fixed up the pen at the bend of the lake, and there we drove in the sheep, and they huddled away in the corner farthest from the water, as sheep will, and crowded there without saying a word, while the girls went into Mrs. Stevens's house and slipped on some old calico dresses that didn't matter much. Be you in a hurry for this plow p'int, Sam?"

"No—go on; go on." Every man in the shop had composed himself to listen—though all the voices of the season were calling on them to hasten.

"And then they came out barefooted and laughing a little, though I was the biggest boy there, and I reckon tha wasn't a girl in the crowd that hadn't rocked me to sleep. They made me go into the pen and ketch a sheep and pull him down into the lake till he floated, and show them how the men kinda supported the sheep on one knee, out there in the water—waist deep—while they washed with both hands in the wool.

"But them girls learned—Lord, how quick they learned! And when they had caught one or two apiece it was easy for them, and they washed a blame sight cleaner than the men ever had. Of course, they talked some while they was washing, and laughed a little now and then. And one time Bethy Tapley went down heels over head in four feet of water because she got a mighty big sheep that she couldn't manage very well and didn't know where the shallow places was.

"And Mrs. Pelton caught one sheep, and he backed off and bunted her one, and she keeled over in about knee deep. And my sister, Aldaret, hurt her foot on a sharp piece of stone, and it bled. Oh, of course, it wasn't easy—that sheep washing wasn't. I mind I set there on the fence and felt sorry for them. But them girls was game.

"They hadn't been washing very long when along comes Press Green and Bill Erb, and they wanted to come in and help wash sheep. And mabby tha wasn't a spat right there.

"'You better be down South, there, fightin',' said Bethy Tapley. 'They need you there a heap worse than we need you here. And you two had better go 'long about your business—I tell you that!' O, Betty was a Captain—and she is to this day, they tell me.

"Well, sir, them girls all give the fellers fits, and the last I seen of them was Press Green's white hat away up there in the bluff road. I had a sort of boy notion they would hide in the hazel bushes and watch the girls, but they didn't dare do that.

"After awhile came noon, and there wasn't any dinner ready. My sister Aldaret said she was hungry, but not one of them would stop till the sheep was half washed; and that time was a long way ahead.

"And then John Covert come along. I knowed him as soon as I see his blue coat coming down the road, and a minute after I knowed it was John Pence with him. They had gone out with the first call for troops and had 'veteraned,' though we all thought they had a right to stay at home. And here they was after three long years of awful fighting, home in June on a two-months' furlough. It was good.

"I can't tell you how them two soldier boys came awinging down the road, nor how they saw what was going on, and marched across to the lake. I can't tell you how them girls walked—dripping wet and red with blushes—up to the little fence and shook hands with the men.

"But I can tell you that John Covert and John Pence washed the rest of them sheep. They were in a hurry to get home, of course, but they said they heard their country calling them here just as plain as if every sheep's 'ba-a-ah!' was a bugle note. And them girls acted as if they wanted to cry or laugh or hug somebody—I'm darned if I know which. But they climbed out of the pen, and the men pulled off their army boots and waded in. And mebbe the sheep didn't know the difference!

"They washed away there about an hour and a half, and then Betty Tapley came out of the grove and called: 'Come to dinner!' Where they got it is more than I know. But they did have a dinner. The soldier boys had dry clothes in their knapsacks, and they went up in the hazel thickets and dressed in Sunday inspection uniforms in honor of the girls. We all sat down there on the grass, under the white-oak trees, and—Lord Almighty, what a feast that was!

"Those men told all about things at the front, and about a battle, and about what happened when a man was cowardly or got drunk or didn't obey orders; and the girls tried to keep from telling how things were going on at home. But I guess from the looks of their eyes the soldier boys understood.

"But that dinner! There was some Spring chicken fried brown in flour, and new cowcumber pickles; and there was bowlfuls and bowlfuls of ripe red strawberries that had grown wild for just such a day, and big, long radishes that had come in the sand and was as sweet as pith of sugar cane. And there was bread and butter. My Lord, what bread and butter they did use to make in war times!

"But, by gum! they forgot the sheep. They sat there and talked so long, eating strawberries and cream and going over all the things that had happened, that the sun was half-way down; and then they got up laughing.

"It was so late the girls wanted to go in and help with the washing, but John Covert wouldn't have it. And so the girls just waited outside, and after a while, when the sheep were all washed, they told the soldiers 'Much obliged.' But it meant more than that. I went around with the other little boys and gathered up the sheep and drove them home, smelling sweet briar all the way, and getting in just in time for bread and milk and a good-night kiss from my sister Aldaret.

"The girls came along when they got ready. You all know John Covert married Aldaret, and John Pence waited till Mrs. Pelton was surely free—and then he married her.

"I never hear about sheep-washing without thinking of that June in 1864. But I never talked about it before—now, did I? Sam, shall I put a sharp point on this plowshare or just a"——

But Sam swung his hat in the air and called out:

"Three cheers for the sheep-shearers of war time. Hip—hip—hurrah!"

And the roar that followed his heartfelt tribute was the hopest echo from a heartbeat of many years ago.—*Chicago Chronicle.*

ONLY A COMMON SOLDIER.

HARRY M. MARQUIS, OSCEOLA, NEB.

The bards have sung our Chieftain's praise
Long years, in verse and story,
We've garlanded our greenest bays,
And crowned them with glory.
We give to them their meed of fame,
Time adds unto its luster.
We'll honor each commander's name
Until the "final muster."

Let poets laud them as they may;
Our love grows none the colder,
For the hero of our verse to-day—
The common, private soldier.
He wore no stars, nor gilded braid
What cared he for such trifles,
When he charged through smoke of cannonade,
To the music of the rifles?

He followed the flag, where the dead lay strewn
Like forest leaves around it;
And he heard his comrade's dying moan,
And the cries of the sorely wounded.
He followed the flag and knew no fear,
As its bright stars fluttered o'er him,
And Treason heard his Northern cheer
And shrank and fled before him.

Nor Libby's walls, nor the dark stockade,
Could crush his loyal spirit,
Imprisoned; for the flag he prayed;
And trials more endeared it.
Stricken and sore, diseased and gaunt,
He asked that God would aid it,
And he died unbribed, in abject want,
But never once betrayed it.

Go write his name on the scroll of Fame,
Our "uncrowned king" most loyal.
With bared heads revere his name
And his brave soul most loyal.
Write it in letters bright and fair,
For Freedom's sake and ours,
And place your choicest garlands there,
And cover it with flowers.

DECORATION DAY.

BY MINNIE E. LLOYD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Hail, Spirit of Liberty, divine and grand,
Tarry the hour o'er Freedom's fair land,
A greeting of souls to-day is given,
To those in death by valor shriven.

Halt, and review the hearts that are beating,
The march that echoes back the meeting,
Of brave comrades, from low graves arisen
With those bringing floral prayers at ev'n.

Take each hot tear from its human fountain,
O'er Southern vale and Northern mountain;
Then, with these crystals of sorrow's leaving,
Speed away to heaven, your store revealing.

Saluting before our Grand Commander,
To him these earthly gems surrender,
Offerings, from widowed wife and maid,
With Spartan courage, on strife's altar laid.

Plead 'fore this court of power celestial,
That, from these prisms of pain terrestial,
On sacred fires the deft alchemist, Time,
Shall burn an incense of wisdom, sublime;

That, wafted hither from censers of heav'n,
Grim-visaged war from earth were driven.
"Gloria in excelsis" the anthem will ring
The May decoration this mandate brings.

The steamship City of Key West left Key West, Fla., June 24, with a large quantity of ammunition and a party of 30 Cubans.

The Virginia anti-cigarette law has been declared in conflict with interstate commerce, and is invalid.

SHERMAN'S MEMOIRS.

(Continued from first page.)

benefit, being the identical $40,000 herein explained, but he lost his case. Hammond, too, was afterward removed from office, and indicted in part for this transaction. He was tried before the United States Circuit Court, Judge McAlister presiding, for a violation of the sub-Treasury Act, but was acquitted.

Our bank, having thus passed so well through the crisis, took at once a first rank; but these bank failures had caused so many mercantile losses, and led to such an utter downfall in the value of real estate, that everybody lost more or less money by bad debts, by depreciation of stocks and collaterals that became unsalable, if not worthless.

About this time (viz., February, 1855,) I had exchanged my house on Green street with Mr. Sloat for the half of a 50-vara lot on Harrison street, between Fremont and First, on which there was a small cottage, and I had contracted for the building of a new frame house thereon at $6,000. This house was finished on the 9th of April, and my family moved into it at once.

For some time Mrs. Sherman had been anxious to go home to Lancaster, O., where we had left our daughter Minnie with her grandparents, and we arranged that S. M. Bowman, esq., and wife should move into our new house and board us, viz., Lizzie, Willie, with the nurse Biddy, and my myself, for a fair consideration. It so happened that two of my personal friends, Messrs. Winters and Cunningham, of Marysville, and a young fellow named Eagan, now a Captain in the Commissary Department, were going East in the steamer of the middle of April, and that Mr. William H. Aspinwall, of New York, and Mr. Chauncey, of Philadelphia, were also going back; and they all offered to look to the personal comfort of Mrs. Sherman on the voyage. They took passage in the steamer Golden Age (Commodore Watkins), which sailed on April 17, 1855. Their passage down the coast was very pleasant till within a day's distance of Panama, when, one bright moonlit night, April 29, the ship, running at full speed, between the Islands Quibo and Quicara,

STRUCK ON A SUNKEN REEF,

tore out a streak in her bottom, and at once began to fill with water. Fortunately, she did not stick fast, but swung off into deep water, and Commodore Watkins, happening to be on deck at the moment walking with Mr. Aspinwall, learning that the water was rushing in with great rapidity, gave orders for a full head of steam, and turned the vessel's bow straight for the Island Quicara. The water rose rapidly in the hold, the passengers were all assembled, fearful of going down, the fires were out, and the last revolution of the wheels made, when her bow touched gently on the beach, and the vessel's stern sank in deep water. Lines were got out, and the ship held in an upright position, so that the passengers were safe, and but little incommoded. I have often heard Mrs. Sherman tell of the boy Eagan, then about 14 years old, coming to her stateroom and calling to her not to be afraid, as he was a good swimmer; but no coming out into the cabin, partially dressed, she felt more confidence in the cool manner, bearing, and greater strength of Mr. Winters. There must have been nearly a thousand souls on board at the time, few of whom could have been saved had the steamer gone down in mid-channel, which surely would have resulted had not Commodore Watkins been on deck, or had he been less prompt in his determination to beach his ship. A sail-boat was dispatched toward Panama, which luckily met the steamer John L. Stephens, just coming out of the bay, loaded with about a thousand passengers bound for San Francisco, and she at once proceeded to the relief of the Golden Age. Her passengers were transferred in small boats to the Stephens, which vessel, with her 2,000 people crowded together with hardly standing-room, returned to Panama, whence the passengers for the East proceeded to their destination without further delay. Luckily for Mrs. Sherman, Purser Goddard, an old Ohio friend of ours, was on the Stephens, and most kindly gave up his own room to her and such lady friends as she included in her party. The Golden Age was afterward partially repaired at Quicara, pumped out, and steamed to Panama, when, after further repairs, she resumed her place in the line. I think she is still in existence, but Commodore Watkins afterward lost his life in China by falling down a hatchway.

Mrs. Sherman returned in the latter part of November of the same year, when Mr. and Mrs. Bowman, who meantime had bought a lot next to us and erected a house thereon, removed to it, and we thus continued close neighbors and friends until we left the country for good in 1857.

[To be continued.]

The Eskimo Character.

[July Century.]

We found the Innuits very quick-witted and intelligent. With unvarying good-nature and a keen appreciation of fun, they proved themselves companionable in spite of their uncleanliness. Their skill manifested itself in many ways during these long excursions. Later in the year it showed itself on one occasion in a particularly interesting way. Having found it necessary to cross a glacier on a hunting trip, our Innuits paused at the edge and halloed to ascertain the direction of the echo. On the return a storm of snow and fog had obliterated all landmarks, but the Innuits easily found the way by means of the echo.

There was always a charm in their strange melodies, and particularly at night, as they slowly rowed along the black waters among ghostly, beautiful icebergs, under the starless sky. And such melodies! They were like the sighing of the winds—low, contented, full-breathed, yet with an undertone of sadness. But at times their songs are vehement with joy and action.

After a three weeks' trial in New York City, David Belasco recovered judgment for $16,000 and interest since 1890 against N. K. Fairbank, a millionaire of Chicago, for training Mrs. Leslie Carter for the stage.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Magazines and Notes.

The complete novel in *Lippincott's Magazine* for July is A Judicial Error, by Marion Manville Pope, author of Over the Divide, etc. There is much other very interesting matter in the number. Published at Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.

The *Catholic World* July, has Half Converts, by Rev. W. Elliott; The Daughter of Mme. Roland, A. E. Buchanan; A Chinese Holy Island, T. H. Houston; The Miners of Marienmont, Belgium, Dr. J. H. Gore; An Evening in Venice; Matthew Arnold's Letters, C. A. L. Morse; Handling the Emigrant, H. L. Sweeney; The Love of Mystics, A. A. McGinley; Adelaide Anne Proctor, A. C. Kellogg; Is it to be a New Era in Russia? The Hanging of Judas, J. J. O'Shea; A Tangle of Issues in Canada. The number is finely illustated. Besides are poems, stories, book notices, etc. Price 25 cents per number. New York, P. O. Box 2, Station G.

Brander Matthews also shows a picturesque American element for the use of the literary man in his discussion, in July *Scribner*, On the Poetry of Place Names. He quotes the criticism of Matthew Arnold on the ugliness of our place names, and the entirely opposite opinion expressed by Robert Louis Stevenson that "there is no part of the world where nomenclature is so rich, poetical, humorous, and picturesque as the United States of America."

Under the title, The Banking Problem, in Appleton's *Popular Science Monthly* for July, the evils resulting from incautious discounting of notes will be explained by Logan G. McPherson, who gives some suggestions for remedying them.

The most important original article in the *Review of Reviews* for July is Wm. McKinley, A Study of His Character and Career; by E. V. Smalley, the veteran correspondent and writer. Besides this are The South American Poets and The World's Sporting Impulse. Published at New York. Price 25 cents.

Volume 3 of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the Civil War will soon be ready for distribution. The fourth volume is also prepared for the press, and it is thought that two or three additional volumes will be published during the next fiscal year. The distribution of these valuable works is regulated not by the Navy Department, but by Congress, and consequently the Department is not able to provide copies of the book to those who may erroneously think that the records are published for general distribution. The volumes heretofore published are recognized as being of unusual value to students of the war between the States, and volume 3 and those which follow will be kept up to the same high standard.

A Beautiful Book.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad have gotten out a beautiful book, which must be a great benefit to all Summer tourists. It has full information as to all places of Summer resort, with pictures of many of their attractive features, maps of the routes to them, and tables of railroad and steamboat fares from different places to them. It will be invaluable to everyone who expects to go away during the Summer. Price 25 cents. Address S. B. Hege, Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, Washington, D. C.

Womanly Sympathy.

[New York Weekly.]

Mrs. Highup—Such shocking stories as the papers do tell! I read to-day of a mother around the corner who tried to kill her children because she could not get them anything to eat.

Mrs. Higherup—Cruel creature! Well, I don't know, though. I really believe I would rather etherize poor little Fido than to see him hungry. Marie, go see if you can't coax Fido to eat a little more of that tenderloin.

The Evans Advertising Handbook.

T. C. Evans, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., and one of the foremost advertising agents in the United States, has just gotten out the 20th edition of his Advertising Handbook, and he says of it: "This publication does not claim to be a complete list of Newspapers and Magazines published in the United States, but I do make the claim (which I think can be substantiated on investigation) that there is more real practical information for general advertisers in a concise, systematic form in this little book than in most others (I will not say any others) of greater pretentions.

Lieuts. Averill and Rice, with two companies of cavalry and 60 scouts, have joined the Mexican troops, and are now working in the Sonora trying to capture Apache Kid and his band.

DON'T let your subscription expire. The number on the yellow address-slip opposite your name shows you how you stand.

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Note the number on the yellow slip, and send your renewal in time, so as not to miss a number. **Attractive articles forthcoming during the Summer and Fall.**

Punishment of Drunkards.

In Austria drunkards are treated under the curatel law, that applies to persons mentally afflicted and to spendthrifts, their affairs being placed in charge of an administrator. A person suffering from excessive indulgence in drink may be brought judicially under this law. But in Gallacia, Cracow, and Bukowina there are special laws for the punishment of persons drunk in public places, while persons convicted of drunkenness three times in one year are prohibited from visiting public houses. A bill has been introduced in the Austrian Reichsrath providing for the erection of public asylums for drunkards, who may be detained for two years on complaint of their relatives or of the public authorities.

WANTED—ADDRESSES.

WANTED—By J. J. Biggs, late Captain, Co. C, 112th Ill., Barnard, Kan., the address of Jos. H. Stokes, jr., of Battery H, 1st Ill. L. A., Capt. Degress; by his brother-in-law. 775-4t

WANTED—By Theo. L. Granville, 32 Steuben street, Bridgeport, Conn.—The address of the comrades rescued from drowning in the Shenandoah River, under heavy fire in July, 1864.

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